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A Recollection From 1967 Henrik Nordbrandt

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Henrik Nordbrandt

A RECOLLECTION FROM 1967

They laid the head on top of the clothes, so that it looked as if he had forgotten it in his eagerness to get out in the water, or had arranged it like that so the clothes should not fly away while he swam across to the other side of the lake. It was hard to say what was most blue in the evening light, water or mountains, thought one of the four executioners, sitting down on an old boat that lay bottom up, and another swore aloud when he tried to pick a yellow flower and pricked himself on a thorn. The blue trousers and the white shirt which the wife of the executed man had ironed that morning, had been carefully folded up. His eyes seemed turned towards the mountains as if they were looking for something definite, himself perhaps, staring in vain through an endless quantity of discarded spectacles.

Translated from the Danish by **Anne Born**